

The Breakfast Club by Harmonia Bloom

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Characters: Dustin H., Eleven/Jane H., Mike W., Will B.

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Summary: Six middle school students meet in Saturday detention and discover how they have a lot more in common than they thought. Inspired by The Breakfast Club movie, a classic from the 80's, written and directed by John Hughes. Rate & Review!

1. Prologue

THE BREAKFAST CLUB

As reimaged with Stranger Things' characters

"Saturday, March 24, 1984.

Hawkins Middle School, Hawkins, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Clarke,

We accept the fact that we had to sacrifice whole Saturday in detention for whatever it was that we did wrong, what we did was wrong. But we think you're crazy to make us write this essay telling you who we think we are, what do you care? You see us as you want to see us...in the simplest terms and the most convenient definitions. You see us as a zombie-boy, a brain, a clown, a basket case, a black kid and a weirdo. Correct? That's the way we saw each other at seven o'clock this morning.

We were brainwashed..."

- Is this the first time or the last time we do this? - Mrs. Wheeler asked, angrily, as her son, Michael, opened the car's door.

- Last... - Mike answered, clearly upset.

- Well, get in there and use the time in advantage.

- Mom, we're not supposed to study... We just have to sit there and do, you know, nothing.

- Well, Mister Know-It-All, you figure out a way to study - she replied, frowning.

Good. His only failure in school led him to this... If only he had took the right gun...

- Well, I screwed around in school... Guys like us screw around,

right? There's nothing wrong with that, except you got caught, son - Mr. Sinclair said, almost in a solemnly way.

- Yeah, I know, because I'm black - Lucas muttered - Mom already reamed me, alright?

- Look, son - Mr. Sinclair continued his speech - You wanna miss your opportunities? You wanna blow your ride? No school's gonna give a scholarship to a discipline case, specially... - he missed the words.

"Specially if you're a black boy in Indiana", Lucas thought, leaving the car.

- Don't tell mom and dad, please - Maxine begged as her brother started the car - Please, Billy, you know what they'll do...

Billy didn't said a word. He just left Max, tears running down her face.

- Honey, please, don't worry - Joyce Byers asked kindly to William, her son - I've been through this... Also, your brother Jonathan spent lots of Middle School days in detention. There's nothing to be ashamed of, son.

- Thanks, mom - Will whispered. He didn't want to be there, it was not his type to get in trouble. But there he was, only because Dustin couldn't keep his big mouth shut...

- Love you, sweetie - Joyce waved good-bye, leaving poor William by himself in front of Hawkins Middle School.

- Mom, I'm fine - Dustin Henderson laughed - I know I need to be here.

- Yeah, sweetie - Mrs. Henderson agreed, smiling - You need to face the consequences of making jokes with teaches...

- At least I made them laugh, mom - he returned the smile, picking his backpack.

Crossing the street, a small figure appeared, walking slowly. It was a girl. Curly hair, black clothes. Nobody was around when she muttered "I'm sorry, Jim... Daddy" and opened the school's door using no hands, just her mind.

Note: Hello! The Breakfast Club is one of my all-time favorite movies. I just needed to write a crossover with Stranger Things' kids. I've adapted the movie's script (originally, there's 5 teens) to fit the series world.

Hope you like this, I'll be back with the first chapter soon!

Also, I'm sorry if you find any grammar mistakes. English is not my first language, but I swear I'm trying to write it perfectly!

xoxo

2. Chapter One

CHAPTER ONE

The Hawkins Middle School library was not exactly large, despite the surprising amount of books it carried. Among the dusty shelves, it was possible to find copies of classic literature works, such as *The Lord of the Rings*, passing through foreign novels - a shabby *Crime and Punishment* rested there, almost seeming to show how this library was old -, reaching English and Spanish dictionaries. The place was well lit, but smelled musty, despite the librarian's constant attempts to control the odor.

In the center, six tables occupied the space, lined up in two equally divided rows. That was the right place to study before a hard test, to read a good book or to plot against some school bullies, since that was an almost forbidden area for them. But that Saturday morning, the six Hawkins Middle School students weren't in the library to study, to read or to plot plans. In fact, the six were facing the same consequence - detention.

Max was the first to enter the room. She was pale, her red hair falling over her shoulders. "This is so unfair," she thought. "Why the hell they can't just leave me alone?". She sat down at the first table. Mike walked into the room, head down, followed by Dustin. They both sat, almost side by side, on the table behind Max, and Mike thought that he'd seem Dustin moving his chair a little closer to the red-haired girl.

A few seconds later, breaking the silence, Lucas appeared, clearly uncomfortable. It was a new experience for him, though he was already used to being the only black boy in a white room. Seeing an empty chair beside Max, he pointed, asking for permission to sit. Max shrugged, making way for the boy. For some reason, that interaction deeply annoyed Dustin.

Finally, Will came in with that strange girl with curly hair that was dressed in black. Mike's heart throbbed for a moment. She knew Will - they had a math class together -, but it was the first time he had noticed the girl. Will and her seemed familiar, almost friends, as if

they didn't need words to understand what was going on in their heads.

"Jane," Will said softly. "Let's sit there in the background, what do you think?"

The girl - Jane - nodded and followed the boy. "Are they dating ...?" Mike thought, lowering his eyes. Something said strongly that no, but Mike, a typical skinny nerd, always found a way to make him a loser with girls. With a thud, Dustin set his feet on the table, startling Mike.

"Hey, Mr. Clarke," Dustin smiled.

A man of medium height and glasses with thick hoops entered the room, holding a lot of papers in his left hand. Scott Clarke was a common science teacher, whose soul bravely resisted the destruction that the public school system could cause. He held his classes hoping for a better future for those children, and he was generally very kind to everyone, especially Dustin, one of his best students. However, after being publicly humiliated by one of his favorites, it was time to stop playing the good guy. This was a completely different Mr. Clarke, resentful of Dustin's jokes in class.

"Well, well. Here we are! I want to congratulate you for being on time...", he said, ignoring Dustin.

Max held up his hand.

"Excuse me, sir? I think there's been a mistake. I know it's detention, but... um ... I do not think I belong in here..."

Again, Mr. Clarke ignored a student.

"It's now seven-oh-six. You have exactly eight hours and fifty-four minutes to think about why you're here. To ponder the error of your ways..."

Dustin laughed, not believing in the sudden seriousness of his favorite teacher. Max, clearly annoyed, looked at him not believing it.

"...and you may not talk." Mr. Clarke continued. "You will not move from these seats."

Then he glared at Dustin, who had not yet understood the seriousness of the situation.

"And you, Mr. Henderson...", Mr. Clarke approached the boy. "...Will not sleep. And take now those foot of the table. Alright people, we're gonna try something a little different today. We are going to write an essay - of not less than a thousand words - describing to me who you think you are ".

Dustin held his hand up. "Is this a test?"

The question made Mike sweat cold. He was not prepared for a test, especially on a Saturday of detention next to these strange people. Mr. Clarke handed out pens and sheets, which were blank.

"And when I say 'essay I mean essay. I do not mean a single word repeated a thousand times. Is that clear, Mr. Henderson? "

That was a regular joke between Mr. Clarke and Dustin. They both used to laughed when Mr. Clarke showed up to keep an eye over the boy's detention. Actually, they spent most of those hours studying or just talking about life. However, now Dustin swallowed, finally realizing that this detention would be different from the others. Maybe he really had gone too far with his jokes...

"Crystal..."

"Good. Maybe you'll learn a little something about yourself. Maybe you'll even decide whether or not you care to return"

Anxiously, Mike raised his hand and stood up. He only realized how pathetic he looked seconds later: "You know, I can answer that right now sir... That'd be 'no' for me, 'cause..."

"Sit down, Wheeler," Mr. Clarke said, rolling his eyes.

"Thank you, sir..." Mike replied, embarrassed. At a glance, he realized that the little figure in black - Jane, he should call her Jane - watched him silently. It made him even more nervous.

"My office.." Mr. Clarke pointed to the door. "...Is right across that hall. Any monkey business is ill-advised... Any questions? "

Dustin raised his hand.

"Yeah, I got a question."

Mr. Clarke did not expect to hear Dustin's voice again after he ignored the boy at least two times. "Yes, Mr. Henderson?"

"Does Barry Manilow know you raid his wardrobe?"

That question caught everyone by surprise. Dustin was deliberately making fun of Mr. Clarke, as if in a kind of revenge for being ignored - or perhaps the boy only wanted the teacher to join the joke, as he had so many other times.

"I'll give you the answer to that question, Mr. Henderson, next Saturday. Do not mess with the bull young man, you'll get the horns", replied Mr. Clarke, leaving the room.

A silence invaded the library.

"That man... Is a brownie hound...", Dustin muttered, but everyone could hear him. This time, Lucas wasn't sure if Dustin was only joking...

NOTE: So, are you enjoying it? Do you have any ideas?

Please, rate & review!

xoxo